

## THE DAY BOOK

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**MAJE M'CORMICK.**—Maje Bertie McCormick of the Trib got himself invited to appear before a U. S. senate committee to tell why the country needs compulsory military training. And his half-baked opinions got publicity as coming from Major R. R. McCormick, 1st Ill. Cavalry. All over the country are militia officers who have grown up in the service and whose opinions might be worth something. But Maje McCormick butts into the limelight because of his pull as one of the publishers of the Chicago Tribune, and nobody on the senate committee asked him how he became a major or what military experience he had had. The truth is that when Bertie went to Europe as a war correspondent for the Tribune he wanted to wear a military uniform. So he went to Gov. Dunne and pleaded for said uniform. The obliging governor straightway made the Trib publisher a major in the Illinois national guard, and Bertie at once ordered all the uniform, brass buttons and gold braid the job would stand. With no military training at all, the Trib publisher busted forth in all the glory of a militia major's full uniform and proceeded to strut all over Europe as Major R. R. McCormick. When his regiment was ordered to the Mexican border our cute little tin majo was ordered along

with the rest of the scenery. He got some experience there, no doubt, although he was here in Chicago part of the time working on the Trib and pushing good grub in his face at Eddie Schlogli's. If he was on sick leave he was a darned healthy-looking sick man.

Anyhow, Maje McCormick is now posing as a military expert and telling all the big generals in the army where to get off. He is getting away with it merely because of his pull as publisher of the Trib, and illustrating that old statement that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

### THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

That preacher reformer in San Francisco got what was coming to him when those 500 girls of the underworld visited his church in a body and put practical questions to him. He could yawp and yawp and yawp, but he had no solution for the world-old problem of prostitution. He didn't know how to lift up those who had fallen or to prevent others from falling in the same old way. It's easy enough to yawp. Anybody can do that. It's easy enough to denounce and damn, and to demand that the law be enforced. It's easy enough to demand that policemen raid the houses and drive the women onto the street, and then to follow that up with a demand that they be driven from the street. The women can be driven from one town to another, but they can't be driven into the lake, and it doesn't make virgins of them to drive them into another town. We can't hang or electrocute them. We can merely hound them, and arrest and fine them—and force them to work harder at their trade to earn money to pay fines.

Anyhow, I was glad to see the women of San Francisco fight back. There was real class to that scarlet woman who stood up in the pulpit and made a speech the clerical hypocrit couldn't answer. I'd like to see some of the clerical hypocrits of Chi-